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HOW TO ENTERTAIN

AN



EVENING PARTY



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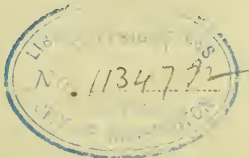
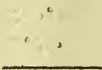
AN EVENING PARTY.



**A COMPLETE MANUAL OF HOME AMUSE-
MENTS.**

EMBRACING

**Fireside Games, Card Tricks, Dramas, Dialogues.
Etc., Etc.**



**NEW YORK:
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HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY.

Introductory.

HERE we are at our party. All around are bright faces and sparkling eyes, fair girls and bold boys, with a good sprinkling of the old folks.

But there seems to be a sort of cessation in the mirth and jollity. What's the matter?

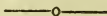
Over in one corner we hear a whisper, "what *shall* we do next?" It comes from the young hostess, and her pretty brows are knit with trouble.

We have danced till we are tired. Supper won't be ready for an hour. What *shall* we do?

"Games!" suddenly exclaims a jolly gentleman, and straightway he proceeds to start a series of the most interesting and ludicrous games ever played or witnessed.

"Where did you learn all of them?" asks a breathless blonde, as she gracefully, blushing sinks down on the pillow and kisses him through the key.

"Out of 'HOW TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY,'" he says; "that little book is worth its weight in gold."



ONE OLD OX OPENING OYSTERS.

THIS is a capital round game, and will tax the memory and the gravity of the youngsters. The company being seated, the fugleman says: "*One old ox opening oysters,*" which each must repeat in turn with perfect gravity. Any one who indulges in the slightest giggle is mulcted of a forfeit forthwith. When the first round is finished, the fugleman begins again: "*Two toads, totally tired, trying to trot to Troy;*" and the others repeat in turn, each separately: "*One old ox opening oysters; Two toads, totally tired,*" etc. The third round is, "*Three tawny tigers tickling trout,*" and the round recommences: "*One old ox, etc.; Two toads, totally, etc.; Three tawny tigers, etc.*" The fourth round, and up to the twelfth and last, given out by the fugleman successively and repeated by the other players, are as follows: "*Four fat friars fanning a fainting fly; Five fair flirts flying to France for fash-*

ions; Six Scotch salmon selling six sacks of sour-kroust; Seven small soldiers successfully shooting snipe; Eight elegant elephants embarking for Europe; Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils; Ten tipsy tailors teasing a titmouse; Eleven early earwigs eagerly eating eggs; and Twelve twittering tomtits on the top of a tall tottering tree." Any mistake in repeating this legend, or any departure from the gravity suitable to the occasion, is to be punished by the infliction of a forfeit; and the game has seldom been known to fail in producing a rich harvest of those little pledges. Of course, a good deal depends on the serio-comic gravity of the fugleman.

MYSTIC MUSIC.

ONE of the players is sent out of the room, and a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, a brooch, or other small article, is hidden in some cunning nook. The signal is then given for the banished one to return; and a lady or gentleman acquainted with music takes up a position at the piano. It is for the musician to indicate, by the strains of the piano, when the seeker is approaching the object hidden. As he recedes from it, the music falls to a low tone, and a mournful cadence; as he approaches it, the notes swell out loud and clear, and bursts into a triumphal strain as he lays his hand on the prize. If properly managed, the mystic music may be made to have almost magnetic power in drawing the seeker toward it.

Another way of playing the game, and an improved one, is to set the seeker some task to perform, instead of finding the handkerchief. Say, for instance, he is to take a book from a bookcase, and present it to a lady. As he walks around the room, the music increases in sound as he approaches the bookcase, but falls as he passes it. This tells him in what locality his task is. He takes a book, and the music sounds loudly and joyously. He begins to read—no! the music falls at once; he is faltering in his task. He carries the book around the room. As he approaches the lady, the notes burst forth loudly again, concluding with a triumphant flourish as he presents the volume to her with a gallant bow. In case of failure, a forfeit is exacted, and each player must have a task set him, or her, in turn.

SPINNING THE PLATTER.

THE players sit or stand around a table covered with cloth, and one of them takes up a wooden or metal plate, which sits on its edge, and gives it a spin. As he does this he names some one of the players, who is obliged to catch it before it has done spinning, or to pay a forfeit. The player so called on sets the plate spinning in turn, calling upon some other player to stop it, and so on around.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? WHEN DO YOU LIKE IT?
AND WHERE DO YOU LIKE IT?

THIS is a guessing game. One of the company retires, while the rest fix on some article or object—for instance, light, an apple, money, etc. The person who has gone out is then recalled, and proceeds around the circle, asking each player in succession: "How do you like it?" Supposing the thing thought of to be money, the first may answer: "In abundance;" the second: "Ready," and so on. The questioner tries to gain from the answers thus given some clew to the nature of the thing thought of. The second question: "When do you like it?" will probably help him. One of the players may reply: "When I have to pay my bills;" another, "When I want a new coat," and so on. The third question is almost certain to help a judicious questioner out of his puzzlement: "Where?" "In my pocket," one of the players will reply; another, "At my banker's," and so on. Some one is almost sure to drop a hint which will set the guesser on the right track. Three guesses are allowed him. If he succeeds, he must point out the player whose answer gave him the clew, and the latter pays a forfeit and goes out to be puzzled in his turn. Failing to guess in three trials, the first player must try another question. The art of the game consists in choosing words with more meanings than one, such as cord (chord); for then the answers may be varied in a very puzzling manner. One will like a *cord* around his box; another a c(h)ord in a piece of music; another on the piano, etc.; thus key (*quay*), bark, vessel, are good words to choose.

ITALIAN BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

IN order to play this game, the company arrange themselves in a circle upon chairs which are placed very near together. The person chosen by lot, or who voluntarily offers to play the part of the blind man, allows a handkerchief to be bound over his eyes by a lady, if the player is a gentleman, and by a gentleman, if it is a lady who undertakes this part.

When all are certain that the blind man cannot discern the objects which surround him, the players hastily change their places in order to baffle his sagacity. Then he approaches the circle without groping, for this is expressly forbidden, and seats himself in the lap of the first person he comes across, and without employing the sense of touch, but simply by listening to the stifled laughter around him, to the rustling of the robes, the sound of which often discover the wearer, or perhaps by a fortunate guess, he is enabled to tell the name of the player upon whose lap he is seated, and in case he is unacquainted with the personage, describe her in such a manner that she can be recognized.

If the blind man guesses correctly, the person discovered takes his place, puts on the bandage, and performs the same part. If, on the contrary, he is mistaken, the company clap their hands to inform him of his error, and he renews the experiment in the same manner, and without employing any other means than those authorized by the game.

It is customary for the company, in order to prevent the blind man from recognizing persons so readily, to resort to various little stratagems, as for instance, some spread over their laps the skirts of their neighbors' dresses, others cover theirs with the cushions of the chairs. The ladies who are dressed in silk, place their shawls over their laps; in fine, all try to disguise themselves in the best manner possible.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF BY THE PROFILE.

WHEN this game is played in a proper manner it is very entertaining. The following is the method of playing it.

In this game the blind man's eyes are not bandaged, but he is, notwithstanding, obliged to exercise all his penetration. A piece of white and rather fine linen is stretched upon a frame like a screen, in the same way as when exhibiting a magic lan-

tern. The blind man is seated upon a stool, so low that his shadow is not represented upon the linen, which is spread over the screen. Some distance behind him a single lighted taper is placed upon a stand, and all the other lights in the room are extinguished.

When these arrangements are made, the rest of the company form a kind of procession, and pass in single file, between the blind man (who is expressly forbidden to turn his head) and the table upon which the light is placed. This produces the expected effect; the light of the candle, intercepted by each of the company in turn, as he passes before it, casts upon the piece of white linen a succession of shadows quite accurately defined.

As the shadows move before him, the blind man is obliged to name aloud the person who he supposes is passing at the moment, and the errors into which he falls cause shouts of laughter, more or less prolonged.

It is hardly necessary to say that each one, as he passes before the light, tries to disguise his height, his gait, to prevent his being recognized.

It is not usual to give forfeits in this game, still it would seem proper to demand them of those who are discovered. In this way it would probably afford entertainment to a greater number of players.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF WITH THE STICK.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF with the stick is a game well adapted for the parlor.

The blind man, with his eyes covered with a bandage, is placed in the middle of the room, and a long stick is put into his hands. The rest of the company join theirs, and forming a circle, wheel around him, at the same time singing some lively air, in which they all join.

When the song is finished, they stop, and the blind man, extending his stick, directs it, by chance, towards one of the company, who is obliged to take hold of it by the end presented to him. Then the blind man utters three cries, which the other must repeat in the same tone. If the latter does not know how to disguise his voice, he is easily guessed, and takes the blind man's place; otherwise the circle wheels around him, stops again, and so on as before.

COPENHAGEN.

FIRST procure a long piece of tape or twine, sufficient to go around the whole company, who must stand in a circle, holding in each of their hands a part of the string—the last takes hold of the two ends of the tape. One remains standing in the center of the circle who is called “the Dane,” and who must endeavor to slap the hands of one of those who are holding the string, before they can be withdrawn. Whoever is not sufficiently alert, and allows the hands to be slapped, must take the place of the Dane, and in his turn, try to slap the hands of some one else.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

LET all the company join hand in hand in a circle, except one who is placed inside, called the Mouse, and another outside, called the Cat. They begin by running around, raising the arms; the Cat springs in at one side and the Mouse jumps out at the other; they then suddenly lower the arms so that the Cat cannot escape. The Cat goes around mewling, trying to get out; and as the circle must keep dancing around all the time, she must try and find a weak place to break through. As soon as she gets out she chases the Mouse, who tries to save herself by getting within the circle again. For this purpose they raise their arms. If she gets in without being followed by the Cat, the Cat must pay a forfeit, and try again; but if the Mouse is caught she must pay a forfeit. Then they name who shall succeed them; they fall into the circle, and the game goes on as before.

HUNT THE HARE.

THE company all form a circle, holding each other's hands. One, called the Hare, is left out, who runs several times around the ring, and at last stops, tapping one of the players on the shoulder. The one tapped quits the ring and runs after the Hare, the circle again joining hands. The Hare runs in and out in every direction, passing under the arms of those in the circle until caught by the pursuer, when he becomes Hare himself. Those in the circle must always be friends to the Hare, and assist its escape in every way possible.

THE KEY SPORT.

THIS game may be played by any number of persons, who should all, except one, seat themselves on chairs placed in a circle, and he should stand in the center of the ring. Each sitter must next take hold, with his left hand, of the right wrist of the person sitting on his left, being careful not to obstruct the grasp by holding the hands. When all have, in this manner, joined hands, they should begin moving them from left to right, making a circular motion, and touching each other's hands, as if for the purpose of taking something from them. The player in the center then presents a *key* to one of the sitters, and turns his back, so as to allow it to be privately passed to another, who hands it to a third; and thus the key is quickly handed around the ring from one player to the other; which task is easily accomplished, on account of the continued motion of the hands of all the players. Meanwhile, the player in the center, after the key has reached the third or fourth player, should watch its progress narrowly, and endeavor to seize it in its passage. If he succeed, the person in whose hand it is found, after paying a forfeit, must take his place in the center, and give and hunt the key in his turn; should the seeker fail in discovering the key in his first attempt, he must continue to search until he succeeds. When a player has paid three forfeits, he is out.

CHASE THE SLIPPER.

THIS is usually an in-door game, although there is no other objection to its being played on a dry piece of turf than that the slipper cannot be heard, when struck by its momentary possessor, when passing around the joyous ring. Several young persons sit on the floor in a circle, a slipper is given to them, and one, who generally volunteers to accept the office in order to begin the game, stands in the center, whose business it is to "chase the slipper by its sound." The parties who are seated, pass it around so as to prevent, if possible, its being found in the possession of any individual. In order that the player in the center may know where the slipper is, it is occasionally tapped on the ground, and then suddenly handed on to the right or left. When the slipper is found in the possession of any one in the circle, by the player who is hunting it,

the party on whom it is so found takes the latter player's place.

PROVERBS.

ONE of the company who is to guess the proverb leaves the room; the remaining players fix upon some proverb, such as: "All is not gold that glitters," "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," "Birds of a feather flock together," "Train up a child in the way he should go," "A miss is as good as a mile." A proverb being chosen, the words are distributed in rotation through the company, each player receiving a word which he must bring in in the answer he gives to any question asked by the guesser. We will suppose the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go," to have been chosen. The first person will receive the word "train," the second "up," the third "a," the fourth "child," the fifth "in," the sixth "the," and the seventh "way," and so on. The person who has gone out is now called in, and begins his questions with the first player, something in the following manner: Q. "Have you been out to day?" A. "No; I must *train* myself to like walking better than I do." He turns to the second player. Q. "Are you a member of the National Guard?" A. "No; I gave it *up* some time ago." The third player has an easy task to bring in the word *a*, but the fourth, with the word *child*, finds his work more difficult. Q. "Are you fond of reading?" A. "Any *child* might answer that question." Now, the guesser, if he be a sharp reasoner, will see that this answer is evasive, and only given to bring in the word *child*; he will, perhaps, guess the proverb at once; but if he is a cautious personage he will go on, and finish the round of questions before committing himself by a guess, for he is only allowed three. If he succeeds in guessing the proverb, he has to point out the person whose answer first set him on the right track, who must then pay a forfeit, and go out in his turn to have his powers tested.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

THIS is one of those games in which the art consists in preserving an immutable gravity, under every provocation to laugh. In "The Emperor of Morocco," two of the players,

generally one of each sex, advance with measured steps into the middle of the room, and ceremoniously salute each other, and the following dialogue takes place, the speakers being compelled to look one another full in the face:

FIRST PLAYER. The Emperor of Morocco is dead. SECOND PLAYER. I'm very sorry for it. FIRST PLAYER. He died of the gout in his left great toe. SECOND PLAYER. I'm *very* sorry for it. FIRST PLAYER. And all the court go into mourning, and wear black rings through their noses. SECOND PLAYER. I'm *VERY* sorry for it. They then bow again and retire to their places, while another pair comes forward to go through the same impressive dialogue; and so on, till the game has gone all around the circle, a forfeit being the penalty for the slightest approach to a giggle.

BUFF SAID BAFF

Is a similar game to the last. One of the players comes forward armed with a poker, which he taps on the floor—knock, knock, knock. “Whence come you?” asks one of the company. “I come from poor Buff, full of sorrow and care.” “And what said Buff to you?” is the next question. The intruder replies:

“Buff said, ‘Baff!’
 And he gave me this staff,
 And he bade me not laugh
 Till I came to Buff’s house again.”

And with this he delivers the poker to his questioner, and marches out. But in the meantime the spectators have been trying their best, by grimaces and droll remarks, to upset the gravity of the emissary of the respectable Buff. One says: “Just look at him; he is going to laugh!” Another: “He hasn’t a staff at all—it’s a poker!” “Don’t he look as if he wanted his dinner!” and any other facetious remarks that may suggest themselves on the spur of the moment.

Sometimes the formula is changed, and Mr. Buff’s allocution is as follows:

“Buff says Buff to all his men,
 And I say Buff to you again;
 Buff he neither laughs nor smiles,
 In spite of all your cunning wiles;

But keeps his face with a very good grace,
And carries his staff to the very next place."

THE FAMILY COACH.

EACH person in company represents something connected with a family coach; one is the harness, another the horses, a third the coachman, a fourth the footman, a fifth, sixth, and seventh, the pole, whip, drag, and so on, till each player has a representative office. One of the company begins to relate an anecdote, and each time he mentions the "family coach," all the players must rise from their seats and turn around. When he mentions harness, or wheels, or pole, or any other part of the equipage, the persons representing those parts must rise, each at the mention of his name, and turn around. Failing to do this, they pay a forfeit. The story itself will be something in the following way:

"You must all have heard, at some time or other, of my friend, Mr. Timothy Tapertit. He lived in a capital house at Hackensack, with Mrs. Tapertit, and all the little Tapertits, who all had snub noses and crooked legs, and were considered very like their father. He was a very comfortable sort of man, Mr. Tapertit, and liked to have a good establishment about him, a steady *coachman* (coachman rises and turns around), a tall *footman* (footman does likewise), and everything comfortable and handsome; but the thing he prided himself on most of all, was his *family coach* (all the players rise and turn around). This *family coach* (all turn around again) was a very complete machine in its way. It had real *wheels* (wheels turn around), and a *pole* (pole turns), and there was a good set of *harness*, and a pair of *horses*, and a *drag*, and everything complete; in fact, it was a famous *family coach*." Then he proceeds to describe Timothy Tapertit ordering out this famous vehicle for a drive; and an accident that takes place, involving endless difficulties with the coachman, footman, harness, horses, and every part of the turn-out, ending with the expression of a fixed determination on the part of Mr. Tapertit to get rid of his equipage as soon as possible, and to be bothered no more with the *family coach*. If well managed, this game cannot fail to produce plenty of fun and forfeits.

THE THREE ELEMENTS.

ONE of the players is furnished with a handkerchief, which he throws suddenly and unexpectedly at another, crying out the name of "earth," "air," or "water," whichever he likes, and then counting ten as rapidly as he can. Before he has come to ten, the person at whom the handkerchief is thrown must name a creature that inhabits the element thus mentioned, or, failing to do this, pays a forfeit. Thus, suppose the thrower of the handkerchief says WATER—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, TEN, the person challenged must call the name of some fish; if air, the name of a bird; or, if earth, that of a quadruped. If the question is put very abruptly, and the number quickly counted, the players will often be unable to get out their reply quickly enough, and the forfeits come in merrily. The best way is, to look at one person, and then unexpectedly throw the handkerchief at another.

WHAT THE BELLS SAID.

A GOOD children's game. Two of the players take each other's hands and hold them up in the form of an arch (as in the "Sir Roger de Coverly" dance), and the others, taking hold of each other's coats and dresses, pass under the arch one after the other, while the archway players chant the following ditty:

"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements.
 You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's.
 When will you pay me? say the bells at the Old Bailey.
 When I grow rich, say the bells at Shoreditch.
 When will that be? say the bells at Stepney.
 I don't know, says the great bell at Bow.
 Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 And here comes a chopper to chop off the last, last, last man's
 head."

And as the last man comes to the arch, it descends like a portcullis, and cuts him off from his companions. His captors then ask him if he prefers oranges or lemons, and according to his reply he is sent into the right or the left corner of the room; the chant then recommences, and continues till all the last men's heads have been duly cut off, and the players are divided into two parties on opposite sides. They then take hold of each

other around the waist, and the foremost players grasp each other by the hands. The party that can drag the other across the room wins.

VERY FLY.

THE players are seated at a table, and each puts his two forefingers on the board before him. The leader cries out: "Pigeons fly!" and suddenly lifts his hands in the air to imitate the action of flying; all the players have to do likewise. The leader raises hands each time he calls out a name; but the others must only remove their hands from the table at the names of such creatures as really fly. The leader's object is to entrap them into incurring forfeits by lifting their hands at the wrong time, which, under judicious management, some of them are sure to do. Thus, the leader cries in rapid succession: "Crows fly!—Eagles fly!—Gnats fly!—Sparrows fly!—Horses fly!" In the excitement of the game, some are sure to lift their hands from the table, oblivious of the fact that horses do *not* fly, and they pay forfeits accordingly.

RED-CAP AND BLUE-CAP

Is a good game, and used to be very popular at sea, in the olden times, among the little middies. The penalty of a mistake was cobbing with knotted handkerchiefs; but, of course, in polite society, this part of the ceremony is dispensed with—a forfeit, or something similar, being substituted. The players sit around in a circle, and represent tailors. Each has a name, and one is the master. One man takes the name Blue-cap, another is Red-cap, a third Yellow-cap, a fourth Black-cap, and so on, through as many colors as there are players. The leader then pretends to examine the work, and says: "Here's a false stitch; who made it, Blue-cap?" Blue-cap immediately answers: "Who, sir?—I, sir?" "Yes, you, sir!" "Not I, sir." "Who, then, sir?" "Yellow-cap, sir." Yellow-cap must at once take up the word, and the same dialogue is repeated. "Who, sir?—I, sir?" etc., another workman being named as the delinquent. Any one who fails to answer to his name pays a forfeit. If briskly kept up, the game is a thoroughly good one.

SPANISH BLIND MAN.

IN this game, instead of blindfolding one of the players, his hands are tied behind him, and in that difficult way he must endeavor to catch one of his companions, who must, when caught, submit to the same restraint.

 THE RIBBONS.

EACH person in the company takes a ribbon, and holds it by one end. The other ends are all united in the hand of the one who leads the game, and who, consequently, is placed in the middle of the circle.

When he says: "*Pull*," they must let go; when he says: "*Let go*," they must pull the ribbon which they hold. It is astonishing how many forfeits are won at this simple game.

 THE DOWN FLIES.

ONE of the players takes a flake of cotton or a bit of down, which he casts into the air in the midst of a circle formed by those present who are seated close together. He at once puffs with his breath to keep it floating in the air, and the one towards whom the flake takes its course must puff in the same way to keep it from falling on his lap, which would cost him a forfeit.

Nothing is more amusing than to see ten or twelve people, with upturned faces, blowing and puffing, each in his own way, to send from one to the other this flake of cotton.

Sometimes it happens that as one cannot laugh and puff at the same moment, the tuft of cotton falls into the mouth of one of the company, who in vain tries to find breath enough to blow it away. This excites the laughter of the other players, who demand from him a forfeit for his gluttony.

 THE HUNTSMAN.

THIS game is one of the liveliest winter evenings' pastimes that can be imagined. It may be played by any number of persons above four. One of the players is styled the "*Huntsman*," and the others must be called after the different parts of the dress or accoutrements of a sportsman, thus: one is the

coat, another the hat, while the shot, shot-belt, powder, powder-flask, dog, and gun, and every other appurtenance belonging to a huntsman has its representative. As many chairs as there are players, excluding the Huntsman, should next be ranged in two rows, back to back, and all the players must then seat themselves; and being thus prepared, the Huntsman walks around the sitters, and calls out the assumed name of one of them; for instance: "Gun!" when that player immediately gets up, and takes hold of the coat-skirts of the Huntsman, who continues his walk and calls out all the others one by one; each must take hold of the skirts of the player before him, and when they are all summoned, the Huntsman starts off running around the chairs as fast as he can, the other players holding on and running after him. When he has run around two or three times, he shouts out "Bang!" and immediately sits down on one of the chairs, leaving his followers to scramble to the other seats as they best can. Of course, one must be left standing, there being one chair less than the number of players, and the player so left must pay a forfeit. The game is continued until all have paid three forfeits, when they are tried, and the punishments or penances declared. The Huntsman is not changed throughout the game, unless he gets tired of his post.

ARMY EXERCISE.

THIS game furnishes a good joke, but must be played circumspectly, that no offense may be given, and no unpleasant consequences arise. The company are drawn up in line, with a sergeant and captain—the former standing at the head of the line, the latter in front of the regiment, to give the word of command. The two officers must be in the secret, and act in concert. The captain gives the order, and puts his men through their drill, they taking the time from the sergeant. After a few ordinary commands, such as: "Heads up." "Eyes right," etc., the word is given to "ground right knees," whereupon all the men kneel down on the right knee. Then comes: "Right hands forward," whereupon the sergeant stretches out his right arm and hand horizontally in front of him, at full length. "Left hands backward," and the left arms are thrust back as nearly horizontal as possible with the shoulders. Now

comes the word: "Fire!" at which the sergeant gives his neighbor a push; he, taken unawares, tumbles against the next man, and down goes the whole row like a house of cards.

YES AND NO.

ONE of the players thinks of any person or thing, and the rest sit around and ask him questions about it, which he answers with "yes" or "no," taking care to give no other explanations. From the information thus gained, each gives a guess as to what the thought was. If the questions are ingeniously framed, the solution is generally discovered, unless the "thought" be peculiarly abstruse. The game is a very good one, and we herewith emphatically recommend it, particularly as affording an opportunity of "cooling down" after a romp.

THE STICK.

THIS game consists in forming a double circle, the players placing themselves two by two, so that each boy, by holding a girl in front of him, makes what is called a stick. It is necessary that the players should be of an even number. The circles being formed, two persons are chosen, the one to catch the other. When the person who is pursued does not wish to be overtaken (which would oblige him to take the place of the pursuer), and at the same time desires to rest, he places himself in front of any one of the sticks he chooses, but within the circle, so that this stick is then composed of three persons, which is contrary to rule. Then the third one, who is on the outside of the circle, must at once run, to avoid being caught. If he is caught, he takes the place of the pursuer, who, in his turn, starts off, or, if he prefers it, enters into the circle, and places himself before one of the sticks, thus obliging a new player to run like the former one; this one himself can at once oblige another player to run, by placing himself, in his turn, before a stick, and it is this which gives life to the game, provided the players have a fair share of spirit and agility

THUS SAYS THE GRAND MUFTI.

IN this game one of the company sits in a chair, and is called the Mufti or the Grand Mufti. He makes whatever grimace

or motion he pleases, such as putting his hand on his heart, winking, sneezing, coughing, stretching out his arm, smiting his forehead, etc. At each movement he says: "Thus says the Grand Mufti," or "So says the Grand Mufti." When he says: "Thus says the Grand Mufti," every one must make just such a motion as he does; but when he says: "So says the Grand Mufti," every one must keep still. A forfeit for a mistake is exacted.

ACROSTIC AUCTION.

THIS is an excellent game for young persons, stimulating their inventive talents, and is a good exercise in spelling. The person who opens the game announces that he has just returned from the city, where he purchased an article, which he names, the name containing just as many letters as the number of the company assembled to play the game. He further states that he is willing to barter the article for as many other articles as the company, excluding himself, number; but the initial letter of each article offered must be in regular succession the letters composing the article bartered. Furnished with a pencil and paper, the seller notes down the offers of the buyers, and, when correctly completed, he reads them aloud; and in an affected, pompous manner, though quite *impromptu*, declares what he intends to do with the articles thus acquired. For example, in a company composed of eleven persons, the seller says:

"I have just returned from the city, where I purchased a pianoforte, but I wish to barter it—speaking to the first person—what will you give me for the first letter, P?" The first person and the other nine, make consecutively their offers, and the seller carefully records them, after which he says:

"You propose to barter for my

P a Pen.
I an Inkbottle.
A an Anchor.
N a Newspaper.
O an Orchard.

F a Fan.
O an Oar.
R a Ruby.
T a Teacup.
E an Evergreen.

"I accept the offer, and this is the way I intend to use the articles so acquired.

"The *Ruby* I will have mounted in a ring, and will ever treasure it in remembrance of the donor. The *Fan* I will present to a certain lady, who, at present, shall be nameless. Then I

will ride into the country, where, sitting in my *Orchard*, I will read my *Newspaper*, and with my *Pen* and *Ink-bottle*, write letters to you, my dear friends, from whose agreeable society I shall then be absent. When tired of writing, I will proceed to the river, where, with my *Oar*, I will row on the water till evening, then *Anchor* the boat; and after taking tea from my *Teacup*, will go into the garden, and superintend the planting of my *Evergreen*."

This relation being terminated, the ten other players become the sellers of various articles in the same manner. Forfeits are levied when articles are offered for sale containing more or less letters than the number of purchasers, or for any error in the spelling of the articles offered in exchange.

THE TRADES.

A GAME OF PANTOMIME.

EACH one of the company chooses a trade, which he exercises in the following manner:

The shoemaker mends shoes.

The washerwoman washes clothes.

The painter paints portraits.

The cook kneads the bread.

The locksmith hammers upon an anvil.

The spinner turns her wheel, etc., etc., etc.

One of the players acts as king or queen, and commences the game by working at his own trade. In the meanwhile all the others must make the movement appropriate to theirs. If the king suddenly changes his trade, and takes up that of one of the company, all the rest must remain inactive except the player whom the king is imitating, and he must at once take up the king's trade, until the latter is pleased to adopt another; then that player in his turn takes the king's trade, and all the rest remain idle until the king returns to his original trade, which is the signal for all present to recommence their own.

If any one of the company makes a mistake he pays a forfeit.

CHANGEABLE.

THIS game is but a variation of the preceding one, and is thought to be more entertaining.

All the company form a circle in the apartment. The person who leads the game takes his place in that part of the circle where he is most easily visible to all. When the other players have each chosen their trades, they must perform the gestures suited to them to the best of their ability—for example, the writer by writing and folding a letter, the painter by sketching upon the wall, and so on.

Then he who leads the game moves his finger as if playing upon the flageolet, and may if he chooses at the same time sing some well known song.

As soon as he ceases and takes up the trade of one of the players, the latter must play the flageolet in his turn, moving his fingers as if he had the instrument in his hand, without, however, being obliged to sing, but when the leader of the game resumes the flageolet, or takes up the trade of another of the players, he who is playing the flageolet must at once return to his own trade; if he fails to do so he pays a forfeit to the leader of the game.

It is evident that this game requires much attention, for when the leader of the game possesses address and quickness, it is in his power to obtain a great many forfeits.

THE PAINTER AND THE COLORS.

ONE of the party assumes the character of a Painter, the other players adopt the names of the various colors. The Painter pretends that he is employed to paint a picture, and when he mentions the word *palette*, all the rest of the players cry "colors." If he mentions the word *colors*, they all cry: "Here we are." If he says *pencil*, they answer "brush." If he asks for his *brush*, they cry "easel." If the painter mentions any color by name, the person who represents that color cries out the name of another color, and then the player representing the last named color says: "There you are, Mr. Painter."

Any deviation from these rules incurs a forfeit, and the principal fun of the game is in the color cited by the Painter, naming a color ridiculously unfit for the purpose required. For example:

PAINTER. At last my talents have been recognized, and I may now consider my fortune made, when a nobleman of

great taste has commissioned me to paint him a picture representing Anthony and the beautiful Cleopatra. I now proceed to charge my *palette*.

ALL THE COLORS. Colors—colors!

PAINTER. The most beautiful *colors*.

ALL. Here we are!

PAINTER. I can't use you all at once; my *pencil*.

ALL. Brush—brush!

PAINTER. True, I will give you the *brush*.

ALL. Easel!

PAINTER. Silence, or I will not employ any of you. Now I commence the hair of my Cleopatra, which must be *black*.

BLACK. Red—red!

RED. There you are, Mr. Painter.

PAINTER. The eyes must be *blue*.

BLUE. Yellow—yellow!

YELLOW. There you are, Mr. Painter.

PAINTER. For the cheeks I will have a superb *vermilion*.

VERMILION. Green—green!

GREEN. There you are, Mr. Painter.

PAINTER. All the colors—

ALL. Here we are—here we are!

PAINTER. Will find their places, thanks to the delicacy of my *pencil*.

ALL. Brush—brush! (*Great confusion.*)

POKER AND TONGS; OR, HOT BOILED BEANS.

THIS is decidedly about as noisy a game as can well be imagined, but it also has the merit of being equally simple. Some small article is to be hidden, the party, whose business it is to discover it, being sent out of the room while that is being done. Another of the players now takes a pair of tongs in one hand, and a poker in the other. The seeker of the hidden treasure is then called in, and begins to hunt for the concealed article. While he is at a distance from the spot where it has been placed, the poker, which is held between the legs of the tongs, is made to strike them alternately with a slow motion, so as to produce a kind of melancholy music. But as he approaches the concealed treasure, the music becomes more lively, and as he recedes from it, more slow and solemn; but when

his hand is placed on the spot where the article is to be found, the musician plays a loud and noisy tune on his uncouth instrument. In cases where the rough music produced by the poker and tongs is offensive to the ears of invalids or others, the progress of the player in his search may be announced by assuring him that he is "very cold," "rather warmer," "very hot," or "burning his fingers," as he approaches or recedes from the hidden object. This game is sometimes called *Magic Music*.

CUPID'S BOX.

THIS game, invented to compel forfeits, is played in the following manner:

The one who commences offers a box to his right-hand neighbor, and says: "I sell you my Cupid's box, which contains three phrases—*To Love, to Kiss, and to Dismiss*. The neighbor answers: "Whom do you love? whom do you kiss? whom do you dismiss?"

At each of these questions, which are put separately, the person who has given the box names some individual present whom he *Loves, Kisses, or Dismisses*. The person whom he kisses must in reality kiss him, and the one that he dismisses pays a forfeit. A player may *Love, Kiss, or Dismiss* several, or even all of those present, but this is permitted only once during the game—a regulation which brings it to a termination.

THE INTERRUPTED REPLY.

THE company place themselves in a circle. The one who commences says in a whisper to his right-hand neighbor, "Of what use is a book?" (or any other article he may select).

His neighbor must answer, correctly, "It is of use to read," and then ask another question of *his* right-hand neighbor—for instance, "Of what use is a goblet?"

The art in this game consists in so framing one's questions, that they will produce answers altogether unsuited to the preceding question. If the answer is, "It is of use to drink from," a laughable consequence ensues; for, when the round is finished, or in other words, when the person who has commenced the game has been questioned in his turn, the questions and

answers are repeated aloud, by taking the answer of the person on the player's right as a reply to the question of the person on his left, it follows; that to the question, "Of what use is a book?" one of the company has answered, "It is of use to drink from;" and so on with the rest of the questions and answers.

SCISSORS CROSSED OR NOT CROSSED.

EACH player in his turn passes to his neighbor a pair of scissors, or any other object, saying—"I give you my scissors crossed (or not crossed.)"

If the former, the player, as he utters the words, must cross his arms or feet in a natural manner. If the latter, he must be careful to keep them separate. The person who receives the scissors must be careful to imitate this action. Many persons, from mere want of attention, render themselves liable to forfeits in this game, and without knowing why—their surprise producing the chief part of the amusement.

THE MOLE CATCH.

THIS simple game consists merely in saying to one of the players:

"Have you seen my mole?"

The latter answers: "Yes, I have seen your mole."

"Do you know what my mole is doing?"

"Yes, I do know what your mole is doing."

"Can you do as it does?"

The person who replies must shut his eyes at each answer; if he fails to do so he pays a forfeit.

I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.

THE company form a circle, and one of the party who composes it says to her right hand neighbor: "I have just come from shopping." "What have you bought?" rejoined the latter. "A robe, a vest, stockings, flowers;" in fine, anything that comes into the purchaser's head, provided that in uttering the words she can touch an object similar to the one she names. Those who neglect to do this must pay a forfeit; a forfeit can

be required also from any one who names an object which has been named by any player previously.

THE PEAS.

THE leader of the game must put the following question to his right hand neighbor, and also to all the players in succession:

“My cook likes no peas—what shall I give her to eat?”

If any player replies: “Potatoes, parsnips,” the other answers: “She does not like them; pay a forfeit.”

But if another says: “Onions, carrots, veal, chickens,” she likes them, and consequently no forfeit is required of the player.

The trick of this game is evident. It is the letter *P* that must be avoided. Thus, to escape the penalty of a forfeit, it is necessary that the players should propose some kind of vegetable or food in which the letter *P* does not occur, such as beans, radishes, venison, etc., etc.

THE DIVINER.

THE point of this game consists in divining a word which is named together with several others. Two of the players commonly agree between themselves to place it after an object that has four legs, for instance, a quadruped, a table, etc., etc.

EXAMPLE.

If Emily wishes to have Henry guess a word which Susan has secretly told her, she says to him: “Susan has been shopping; she has bought a rose, a dress, some jewelry, a table, a bonnet, a shawl——”

Harry of course will easily guess that the object in question is a *bonnet*, for the word “*table*,” which precedes it, has four legs.

MY AUNT'S GARDEN.

THE company form a circle, and the one who understands the game best, turns to his next neighbor and speaks as follows:

“I come from my aunt’s garden! In my aunt’s garden are four corners.”

Each of the players repeats in succession the same phrases without adding or leaving out a syllable, under penalty of a forfeit, and at the same time losing his turn to complete the sentence, when the one who is next to him takes it up without giving him time to correct himself.

When the turn comes again to the first speaker, he repeats what he has just said, and adds: “In the first corner there is a geranium.”

The others then in their turn repeat, not only this phrase, but that which they have already repeated, paying a forfeit for the least mistake.

This round finished, the leader of the game repeats the whole, and adds: “In the second corner there is a rose; I would like to kiss you, but I dare not.”

After the third round he adds: “In the third corner there is a lily of the valley; tell me your secret.”

Then each player after having repeated the whole of these phrases in his turn, whispers a secret into the ear of his next neighbor.

At the end of the fourth repetition, the chief player adds: “In the fourth corner there is a poppy—that which you told me in a whisper repeat aloud.”

In proportion as the discourse, which has now arrived at its climax, passes around the circle, each player finds himself obliged to divulge the secret which he has confided to his companion, causing often considerable embarrassment to those who had not expected the game to take this turn, and to find themselves laid under this obligation.

CUPID’S COMING.

A LETTER must be taken, and the termination “ing.” Say, for instance, that P is chosen. The first player says to the second: “Cupid’s coming.” “How is he coming?” says the second. “Playing,” rejoins the first. The second then says to the third: “Cupid’s coming.” “How?” “Prancing,” and so the question and reply go around, through all the words beginning with P and ending with ing—piping, pulling, pining,

praising, preaching, etc. Those who cannot answer the question on the spur of the moment pay a forfeit.

CROOKED QUESTIONS AND CROSS ANSWERS.

THE company sit around, and each one whispers a question to his neighbor on the right, and then each one whispers an answer; so that each answers the question propounded by some other player, and of the purport of which he is, of course, ignorant. Then every player has to recite the question he received from one player and the answer he got from the other, and the ridiculous incongruity of these random cross questions and crooked answers will frequently excite a good deal of sport. One, for instance, may say: "I was asked 'If I considered dancing agreeable?' and the answer was: 'Yesterday fortnight.'" Another may declare: "I was asked 'If I had seen the comet?' and the answer was: 'He was married last year!'" A third: "I was asked 'What I liked best for dinner?' and the answer was: 'The Emperor of China!'"

CONSEQUENCES.

THIS is a round game, to play at which the company must be seated at a table. Each player has before him, or her, a long, narrow piece of writing paper and a pencil. At the top of the paper each writes a quality of a gentleman. "The fickle," for instance, or "the insinuating," or "the handsome," "the ugly," or any epithet, in fact, that may occur to the mind at the moment. But nobody may see what the neighbors to the right and left have written. The top of each paper is then folded down, so as to hide what has been written, and each one passes his paper to his neighbor on the right, so that every player has now a new paper before him. On this he writes a gentleman's name; if that of one of the gentlemen in the company, so much the better. Again the papers are passed to the right after being folded over; the beauty of the game being that no one may write two consecutive sentences on the same paper. *The quality of a lady* is now written. Fold, and pass the paper—*The lady's name*—then where *they met*—*what he said to her*—*what she said to him*—*the consequence*—and *what the*

world said. The papers are now unfolded in succession, and the contents read, and the queerest cross questions and crooked answers are almost sure to result. For instance, the following will be a specimen:—"The conceited Mr. Jones (one of the company) and the accomplished Miss Smith met on the top of an omnibus. He said to her: 'Will you love me then as now?' She said to him: 'How very kind you are;' the consequence was, 'they separated forever,' and the world said: 'Serve them right.'" Another strip, on being unfolded, may produce some such legend as this:—"The amiable Artemus Ward and the objectionable Mrs. Grundy met on the mall at the Central Park. He said to her: 'How do I look?' She said to him: 'Do it;' the consequence was 'a secret marriage,' and the world said: 'We knew how it would be.'"

I LOVE MY LOVE WITH AN A

Is a well-known game, but it must be kept up briskly; for if too much time be allowed the players for deliberation, the interest flags at once, and the sport becomes dull. "The very defect of the matter," as Launcelot Gobbo would say, lies in quickly finding epithets beginning with any given letter of the alphabet, such as A, B, or C, and the penalty for failure is a forfeit. The company sit around, and each has to love his or her love with a different letter. The first (we will say a lady) begins—"I love my love with an A, because he's amiable. I hate him with an A, because he's arrogant; he took me to the sign of the 'Artichoke,' and treated me with apples and ale." "I love my love with a B," continues the second, "because she's beautiful. I hate her with a B, because she's bounceable. I took her to the sign of the 'Brown Bear,' and treated her with bread and butter, and beer." "I love my love with a C," says a third, "because he's candid. I hate him with a C, because he's captious. He took me to the sign of the 'Cart-horse,' and treated me to curds and cream." And so the game goes on through all the letters of the alphabet, with the exception of poor X, for the very good reason that no English word begins with that unfortunate letter. Instead of going regularly around the circle, it is better that each player should have the power, after "loving his love," to call upon any one of the rest to continue the game.

COMPLIMENTS.

A CIRCLE is formed; a gentleman and lady sitting alternately. Politeness demands that the game should be commenced by a lady.

"I should like," she says, "to be *such or such an animal.*" (The more abject or disgusting this animal is, the more difficult is it to invent the compliment which the lady has the right to expect.)

Suppose, for example, she has chosen the *hornet*. She inquires of her left hand neighbor if he knows why she has made so strange a choice.

The latter, who is not expected to pay her a compliment, replies simply, from the well known nature of the animal: "Because you wish that all living beings should avoid the place where you have chosen your abode."

The lady inquires of her right hand neighbor: "What advantage would I find in this transformation?"

Answer. That of escaping from a crowd of admirers whom your modesty makes you look upon as importunate.

If the gentleman first addressed pays the lady a compliment, or if the second fails to do so, both pay a forfeit.

Then it becomes the turn of him who pays the compliment to form a wish.

He expresses, for example, a desire to be a goose. Then he asks the lady whom he has just complimented if she can divine what can be his motive? "It is," she replies, "that you may inhabit indifferently either the land or the water." Then addressing himself to the lady on his right hand, he says: "What advantage would I find in such a metamorphis?" "The hope so dear to your heart of one day saving your country, as the geese of the capitol once saved Rome."

One round is enough at this game, because nothing is more tiresome than compliments, when prolonged, however much they may be merited. It is necessary, however, to complete the entire round, in order to deprive no one of his or her turn, as the little part each plays is always flattering to the vanity, even of those among the company the least susceptible of it.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE player who has proposed the game withdraws into an adjoining chamber, while the rest of the company agree upon an object that he must guess.

When the word is agreed upon they recall him; he has the right to ask twelve questions, which refer at first to the kingdom to which the object belongs that is expressed by the word selected, upon the present condition of this object, the country where it is most frequently found, and finally, upon the metamorphosis which it has undergone, its use and its qualities.

The players should answer in a manner calculated to describe the object, yet not too plainly. But, on the other hand, those who give false notions of the object are liable to the penalty of a forfeit. The questioner, who, after twelve answers which are recognized as satisfactory by the company, fails to guess the object, pays a forfeit in his turn, and withdraws a second time, while the rest of the players agree upon another word, which he must try to guess in the same manner.

EXAMPLE.

The questioner, having heard the signal, re-enters, and directs his questions somewhat in this manner:

1. "To what kingdom does the object thought of belong?"

One of the players answers: "To the *Vegetable Kingdom*, and no other."

2. "Is it growing at present, or put to use?"

"Put to use."

3. "Is it an article of furniture?"

"No."

4. "What use is it commonly put to?"

"It is commonly covered, at regular intervals, with a fluid of a color completely opposite to its own."

5. "In what places is it most commonly produced?"

"In New England, New York, and New Jersey."

6. "Ah, I know that it is not linen, for neither of these states is celebrated for that article."

"No, but linen had something to do with it."

7. "What metamorphosis has it undergone?"

"A very great one. It has been cast into the water, beaten,

crushed, reduced to pulp, and then reunited into a solid body, such as we see it every day."

8. "It is *Paper*, then?"

"You have guessed it."

The player whose answer leads the questioner to guess the riddle, then pays a forfeit, and becomes the questioner in his turn.

Let us suppose that he is endeavoring to divine the object next thought of, he begins with the same question as his predecessor.

1. "To what kingdom does it belong?"

"To the three kingdoms."

2. "Is it put to use then?"

"Yes."

3. "Is it an article of furniture?"

"Portable furniture."

4. "What is its ordinary use?"

"To guard against dampness."

One player here makes the observation that this reply is not exact, and that the respondent owes a forfeit.

The latter replies:

"Why, if I said it shielded from the rain, he would guess it without difficulty."

The questioner replies hastily:

"It is an *umbrella*."

"There! I could not save my forfeit; it is very annoying."

"Go—go into the next room; it is your turn to guess."

The *umbrella*, in truth, belongs to the *animal* kingdom by its silk covering and its whalebone frame, to the *mineral* kingdom by its fastenings of copper and of steel wire, and to the *vegetable* kingdom by its handle, of what wood soever it may be made.

Paper made of old rags is of the *vegetable* kingdom purely, since the linen is made of hemp or flax, and muslin and calico are made of cotton, which belong to the vegetable kingdom.

THE TRAVELER'S JOURNEY.

THIS game may be played by any number of persons.

One of the party announces himself the traveler, and about to make a little tour. He calls upon any of the party for in-

formation respecting the objects of the greatest interest to be noticed in the different towns and villages through which he intends passing.

He is given an empty bag, and to each of the persons joining in the game are distributed sets of counters with numbers on. Thus, if twelve persons were playing, the counters required would be up to number twelve, and a set of ones would be given to the first person, twos to the second, threes to the third, and so on.

When the traveler announces the name of the place he intends stopping at, the first person is at liberty to give any information, or make any remark respecting it; if he cannot do so, the second person has the chance, or the third, or it passes on until some one is able to speak concerning it. If the traveler considers it correct information, or worthy of notice, he takes from the person one of his counters, as a pledge of the obligation he is under to him. The next person in order to the one who spoke last is to proceed, so as not each time to begin with number one. If no one of the party speaks the traveler may consider there is nothing worthy of notice at the place he has announced, and he then passes on to another.

After he has reached his destination, he turns out his bag to see who has given him the greatest amount of information, and that person is considered to have won the game, and is entitled to be the traveler in the next game.

If it should happen that two or more persons should have given the same number of counters, those persons are to be allowed in succession to assist the traveler and deposit their pledges, until one alone remains.

FORFEITS.

1. POETIC NUMBERS.

REPEAT a passage of poetry, counting the words aloud as you proceed, thus:

Full (one) many (two) a (three) flower (four) is (five) born (six) to (seven) blush (eight) unseen (nine) and (ten) waste (eleven) its (twelve) sweetness (thirteen) in (fourteen) the (fifteen) desert (sixteen) air (seventeen)! This will prove a great puzzle to many, and afford considerable amusement.

2. BABY MINE.

Yawn until you make several others in the room yawn.

[This can be done well by one person who can imitate yawning well, and it will afford indescribable mirth. It should be allotted to one of the male sex, with a large mouth, and a somber or heavy appearance, if such a one can be found in the party.]

3. THE MENDICANT.

A penance to be inflicted on gentlemen only. The penitent takes a staff, and approaches a lady. He falls on his knees before her, and thumping his staff on the ground, implores "Charity." The lady, touched by the poor man's distress, asks him: "Do you want bread?" "Do you want water?" "Do you want a half-cent?" etc., etc. To all questions such as these the Beggar replies by thumping his staff on the ground impatiently. At length the lady says: "Do you want a kiss?" At these words the Beggar jumps up and kisses the lady.

4. THE PILGRIM.

The Pilgrim is very like the Beggar. A gentleman conducts a lady around the circle, saying to each member of it, if a gentleman, "A kiss for my sister, and a morsel of bread for me." If a lady, "A morsel of bread for my sister, and a kiss for me." The bread is of no particular importance, but the kiss is indispensable.

5. THE EGOTIST.

Propose your own health in a complimentary speech, and sing the musical honors.

6. OLD GIMP.

Hold one ankle in one hand, and walk around the room.

[This is suited only to gentlemen.]

7. THE MIMICRY.

If a gentleman, he must put on a lady's bonnet, and imitate the voice of the lady to whom it belongs; if a lady, then a gentleman's hat, etc. Sometimes these imitations are very humorous. A sentence often used by a person imitated should be chosen.

8. GOING TO WORK.

Go to service; apply to the person who holds the forfeits for a place; say, "as maid of all work." The questions then to be

asked are: "How do you wash?" "How do you iron?" "How do you make a bed?" "How do you scrub the floor?" "How do you clean knives and forks?" etc., etc. The whole of these processes must be imitated by motions, and if the replies be satisfactory, the forfeit must be given up.

9. KISSING THE CANDLESTICK.

When ordered to kiss the candlestick, you politely request a lady to hold the candle for you. As soon as she has it in her hand, she is supposed to be the candlestick, and you, of course, kiss *her*.

10. THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A lady advances towards the penitent, as if to kiss him, and when close to him, turns quietly around and allows the expected kiss to be taken by her nearest neighbor.

11. THE GARDENER'S PICK.

Choose three flowers. Example: Pink, Fuchsia and Lily. Two of the party must then privately agree to the three persons of the forfeiter's acquaintance to be severally represented by the flowers. Then proceed: What will you do with Pink? Dip it in the water! What with the Fuchsia? Dry it, and keep it as a curiosity! What with the Lily? Keep it until it is dead, and then throw it away! The three names identified by the flowers are now to be told, and their fate will excite much merriment.

12. THE FOOL'S LEAP.

Put two chairs back to back, take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in the mistaken idea that the *chairs* are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the *shoes*.)

13. TO KISS THE ONE YOU LOVE BEST WITHOUT ITS BEING NOTICED.

Kissing all the ladies in the company one after another without any distinction.

14. THE TWO GUESSES.

Place your hands behind you and guess who touches them. You are not to be released until you guess right.

The person who owns the forfeit is to be blindfold; a glass of water and a teaspoon are then to be got, and a teaspoonful given alternately by the members of the company until the person blindfolded guesses aright.

15. THE BANISHED ONE.

The penitent sent into exile takes up his position in the part of the room the most distant from the rest of the company—with whom he is forbidden to communicate. From there he is compelled to fix the penance to be performed by the owner of the next forfeit, till the accomplishment of which he may on no account leave his place. This may be prolonged for several turns. The last penitent, as soon as he has acquitted himself satisfactorily, takes the place of the exile and passes sentence on the next.

16. THE "B" HIVE.

Repeat, without stopping, "Bandy-legg'd Borachio Mustachio Whiskenfusticus the bold and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abemilique Blue Beard Bashaw of Babelmandeb to beat down a bumble-bee at Balsora."

17. THE FAVORITE FORFEIT.

Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love the best.

18. JINGLE-JANGLE.

Repeat the following:

"Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round,
Where is the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?"

19. THE IMAGE OF LOVE.

The player who owns the forfeit cried, takes a candle in his hand and is led by another to one end of the room, where he must stand and represent the image of love; one of the players now walks up and requests him to fetch some lady, whose name he now whispers in love's ear; the image, still holding a candle, proceeds to execute his commission, and brings the lady with him; she in turn desires him to fetch some gentleman, and so it continues till all have been summoned. The players brought up by love must not return to their seats, but stand in a group around love's standing-place, until he has brought the last person in the company, when they hiss him most vigorously, and the forfeit terminates.

20. THE CHANCE KISS.

The penitent takes from a pack of cards the four kings and

the four queens, shuffles them, and, without looking at them, distributes them to a proportionate number of ladies and gentlemen. The gentleman finding himself possessed of the king of hearts kisses the lady holding the queen, and so on with the rest.

21. THE BLIND QUADRILLE.

This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords in finite amusement to the spectators.

22. THE TURNED HEAD.

This penalty should be imposed upon a lady. The fair one, whose head is to be turned, is invested with as many wrappings as possible, but every cloak, shawl, victorine, etc, is to be put on hind side before, so as to present the appearance of "a turned head." She should be furnished with a muff, which she must hold behind her as much as possible in the usual manner, but her bonnet must be put on in the usual way. Thus equipped, she must enter the room walking backwards, and until her punishment is at an end, must continue to move in the same way.

23. POPPING THE QUESTION.

The gentleman condemned to this penalty must place himself upon his knees before the lady, who is pointed out to him, or whom he loves the best, and declare his passion for her in inpromptu verses.

Example.

In spite of your coldness,
I love you, my dear;
If love is a crime,
See the guilty one here.

24. THE COMPARISON.

As a penalty a person is directed to compare any of the company to some object or other, and then to explain in what he resembles this object, and in what he differs from it.

A lady compares a gentleman to a sheet of white paper.

He resembles it in the facility with which he receives the first impression; he differs from it in the readiness with which

he receives a crowd of impressions, in succession, which efface each other in their turn.

A gentleman compares a lady to a clock; like this piece of furniture, she adorns the place which she occupies; she differs from it in rendering us forgetful of the hours which it recalls.

25. THE SIGN.

It differs from the comparison in this, that it offers an intellectual resemblance only between the person and the object.

A young gentleman names the Salamander as the emblem for a lady. "Why?" asks the latter. "Because you live tranquilly amid the flames which devour all that approach you."

A lady gives a Well as an emblem of a learned man who is somewhat uncommunicative. "It is deep," she says, "but it is necessary to draw from it what it contains."

26. THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

To perform this penalty it is necessary to execute the reverse of the orders received from the company. Happy the man to whom the ladies say, that they don't want to kiss him.

27. THE TRIP TO PARIS.

A gentleman holding a white handkerchief in his hand is led around the circle by the person paying the forfeit, who holds in his hand a lighted candle.

The gentleman holding the handkerchief kisses all the ladies in turn, and with an air of great politeness, wipes the lips of his guide, who remains an idle spectator of a scene not a little vexatious to him.

28. BROKERAGE OF KISSES.

This penalty should be inflicted upon a lady. She who is directed to perform it chooses a female friend; she then presents herself to a gentleman who kisses her, and she then carries the kiss to her companion. This may be repeated as many times as there are gentlemen in the company.

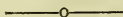
29. SHOOT THE ROBIN.

This is done by blindfolding the owner of the forfeit, and leading him to a part of the room where a sheet of paper or a handkerchief has been pinned to the wall. He is directed then to shoot the robin, which he must do by starting forward, ex-

tend his right arm, and pointing his finger so as to touch the sheet of paper. Whenever he succeeds in doing so, his forfeit is restored. His finger had better be blackened with a coal, or burnt cork, or something that will leave a mark on the paper.

30. THE IDIOTIC KISS.

Kiss both the inside and the outside of a reticule, without opening it. This can only be done when the drawing string of the reticule is some distance from the top, and when the lining appears above it. When you kiss the lining of the flaps or scollops at the top of the reticule, then you may be said to kiss the inside; or hang the reticule against the wall, and kiss the side that is out and the side that is in, or next the wall.



CARD AMUSEMENTS.



HOW TO NAIL A CARD TO THE WALL BY A PISTOL SHOT.

A CARD is desired to be drawn, and the person who chooses it is requested to tear off a corner and to keep it, that he may know the card—the card so torn is then burnt to cinders, and a pistol is charged with gunpowder, with which the ashes of the card are mixed. Instead of a ball a nail is put into the barrel, which is marked by some of the company. The pack is then marked by some of the company. The pack is then thrown up into the air, the pistol is fired, and the card appears nailed against the wall—the bit of the card is then compared with it, and is found exactly to fit, and the nail which fastens it to the wall is recognized by the person who marked it.

EXPLANATION.

When the performer sees that a corner has been torn from the chosen card, he retires, and makes a similar tear on a like card. Returning on the theater, he asks for the chosen card, and passes it to the bottom of the pack, and substitutes expertly in the place the card which he has prepared, which he burns instead of the first. When the pistol is loaded he takes it in his hand under the pretence of showing how to direct it, etc. He avails himself of this opportunity to open a hole in the barrel near the touch-hole, through which the nail falls by its own

weight into his hands; having shut this passage, he requests one of the company to put more powder and wadding into the pistol; whilst this is doing, he carries the nail and card to his confederate, who quickly nails the card to a piece of square wood, which stops, hermetically, a space left open in the partition, and in the tapestry, similar to the rest of the room, and by which means, when the nailed card is put in, it is not perceived; the piece of tapestry which covers it, is nicely fastened on, the one end of which the confederate holds in his hand. As soon as the report of the pistol is heard, the confederate draws his thread, by which means the piece of tapestry falls behind a glass—the card appears the same that was marked—and with the nail that was put in the pistol. It is not astonishing that this trick, being so difficult by its complexion to be guessed at, should receive such universal applause. N. B.—After the pistol has been charged with powder, a tin tube may be slipped upon the charge, into which the nail being rammed along with the wadding, by inclining it a little in presenting to one of the spectators to fire, the tube and contents will fall into the performer's hand to convey to his confederate. If any one suspects that the nail has been stolen out of the pistol, you persist to the contrary, and beg the company at the next exhibition to be further convinced; you then are to show a pistol, which is marked by some person in confederacy with you, or you show it to many people on purpose to avoid its being marked. In this case the card is nailed with another nail, but to persuade the company that it is the same, you boldly assert that the nail was marked by several persons, and you request the spectators to view it, and be convinced.

CHANGING A CARD BY WORDS.

You must have two cards of the same sort in the pack, say the king of spades. Place one next the bottom card (say seven of hearts) and the other at the top. Shuffle the cards without displacing those three, and show a person that the bottom card is the seven of hearts. This card you dexterously slip aside with your finger, which you have previously wetted, and taking the king of spades from the bottom, which the person supposes to be the seven of hearts, laying it on the table telling him to cover it with his hand.

Shuffle the cards again without displacing the first and last card, and shifting the other king of spades from the top to the bottom, show it to another person. You then draw that privately away, and taking the bottom card, which will then be the seven of hearts, you then lay that on the table and tell the second person (who believes it is the king of spades) to cover it with his hand.

You then command the cards to change places; and when the two parties take off their hands and turn up their cards, they will see, to their great astonishment, that your commands are obeyed.

TO MAKE A CARD WHICH A PERSON HAS DRAWN DANCE ON THE WALL.

One of the company is desired to draw a card, which you shuffle again with the others; and it not being found in the pack, you then order it to appear on the wall. The very card which was drawn instantly obeys; then advancing by degrees, and according to orders, it ascends in a straight line from right to left, and disappears on top of the wall.

Soon after it appears again and continues to dance on a horizontal line. (See explanation to the card secured in a box.)

TO CHANGE A CARD SECURED IN A BOX.

You ask a person to give you any card he pleases out of the pack, and you let him put it into a box which is locked up before the company. You then take a few cards and desire another to draw one and remember it, which he does, and the cards are laid aside. You now unlock the box and the card which the second person drew is in the box instead of the one which is locked up.

EXPLANATION.

A box must be made on purpose with a double bottom; on the false one is laid the card which the first person chose.

In locking the box, by a secret spring, the false bottom is raised with the card, and firmly united to that part where the hinges are. On the real bottom lies another card, which had been previously and secretly deposited there.

In making a person draw a card a duplicate of this is forced upon him; for if he attempts to draw another, under some pretence you shuffle the cards again, till at last he takes the

very card you intend for him. This card you know by feeling it, it being purposely longer than any of the rest, and is in fact a conjurer's secret card. You must never let one of those *particular* or *brief* cards remain in a pack when you give it to be examined.

N. B. This trick may be varied. A dollar bill can be changed into a five dollar bill, etc., but it ought to be something which will lie in a narrow compass, in order that the false bottom may fall closely into its place. Formerly bird seed was converted into a living bird by false lids, but these are more liable to detection than false bottoms; on the false lid bird seed was glued, and the box when shown to the company appeared to be full thereof. By drawing up the false lid close to the real one, a bird which had been previously placed there is then discovered. The false bottoms are certainly preferable.

TO TELL THE NAMES OF ALL THE CARDS IN THE PACK BEFORE YOU SEE THEM.

TAKE a pack of cards, and after you have shuffled them, lay them down on the table with the backs uppermost, then say: "Now I will tell you the names of all the cards in the pack, except one, before I see them." Having said so, draw off the uppermost card and say: "This is my partner. This is he by whose assistance I shall discover all the rest of the cards in the pack." Then put him to your mouth, as though you charmed him, and repeat some magic words; and taking off the next card from the pack, say: "there is my partner," naming the Jack of clubs or any other card laid down, and thus proceed until you tell each card in the pack before you see them.

THE KNAVES AND THE CONSTABLE.

SELECT the four knaves from a pack of cards, and either of the kings to act as constable. Conceal one of the knaves at the bottom of the pack, and lay the other three with the constable down upon the table. Then say: "Three knaves went to rob a house; one got in at the parlor window" (putting one knave at the bottom of the pack, taking care not to lift the pack so high that the knave already at the bottom can be seen), "one got in the first floor window" (putting another

knave into the middle of the pack), "and one got in at the garret window" (putting the third knave in at the top of the pack.) "The constable, being determined to capture them, closely follows the last knave" (putting the king also upon the top of the pack.) You then direct as many of the company to cut the cards as you please, and you state that you have no doubt the constable has succeeded in catching them, which will be evident upon your spreading out the pack in your hands, as the king and three knaves will be found together. A very little dexterity only is necessary to enable you to convey a knave secretly to the bottom of the pack.

TURN-OVER FEAT.

WHEN you have found a card chosen, which you have previously forced, or any card that has been drawn, and which you have discovered by the means before described, in order to finish your trick cleverly, convey the card privately to the top of the pack; get all the other cards even with each other, but let the edge of your top card project a little over the rest; hold them between your finger and thumb, about two feet from the table; let them drop, and the top card (which must be, as we have said, the one drawn) will fall with its face uppermost, and all the rest with their faces towards the table.

BLIND INTUITION.

TAKE twenty-one cards, and lay them down in three rows, with their faces upward; *i. e.*, when you have laid out three, begin again at the left hand, and lay one card upon the first, and so on to the right hand; then begin on the left hand again, and so on until you have laid out twenty-one cards in three heaps, at the same time requesting any one to think of a card. When you have laid them out, ask him which heap his card is in; then lay that heap in the middle between the other two. This done, lay them out in three heaps as before, and again request him to notice where his noted card goes, and put that heap in the middle as before. Then, taking up the cards with their backs towards you, take off the uppermost card, and reckon it one; take off another, which reckon two; and thus proceed until you come to the eleventh, which will invariably

be the card thought of. You must never lay out your cards less than three times, but as often above that number as you please. This trick may be done without your seeing the cards at all, if you handle and count them carefully. To diversify the trick, you must use a different number of cards, but the number chosen must be divisible by three, and the middle card, after they have been dealt thrice as directed, will always be the one thought of; for instance, if done with fifteen cards, it must be the eight, and so on; when the number is even, it must be the exact half; as, if it be twenty-four, the card thought of will be the twelfth, etc.

THE SECRET SEVEN.

DESIRE a person to remember a card and its place in the pack; then, in a dexterous manner, convey a certain number of cards from the top to the bottom, and subtract them, in your mind, from the number of the pack; for example, the pack consists of fifty-two cards, and you have conveyed seven to the bottom; tell the person the card he has thought of will be the forty-fifth, reckoning from the number of the card, the place of which he has to name; thus, if he says it is the ninth, you go on counting nine, ten, eleven, etc., and the card he thought of will be exactly the forty-fifth as you announced.

THE CHOSEN ONE OF FORTY-EIGHT DISCOVERED.

TAKE forty-eight cards, and beginning at the *left top* corner, deal them out in six rows of eight each; then, as they lie upon the table, there will be eight lines of six each the one way, and six of eight each the other way. The first we will call *lines*, and the other *rows*; and this distinction being clearly understood, we may now begin "to show the trick." Ask one of the company to choose a card. This done, ask which line it is in. When answered, be particular to remember the top card of the line, for this one card is the key to the whole trick—so "don't forget it." The cards are now to be taken up exactly in the reverse order to that in which they were laid down. That is, you begin at the *right bottom* corner, picking the cards up to the *right top* corner. This done, the pack must be again dis-

tributed in the same order as before, and the question: "Which line is the chosen card in?" repeated. Receiving the reply, you can instantly fix on the chosen card. The explanation is this: Remember the top card of the *line* the card is stated to be in. Then, when the pack is again laid out, it will be observed that all the cards that previously were in a *line*, *one under the other*, are now all in a *row*, *side by side* of each other. Now, seeing the position of the key card, that is, the one you had specially to remember, you will know that all the cards belonging to the *line* of which it was the topmost, now follow it in a *row*; consequently, the six cards that were in one line, are now distributed or divided into six lines, one of its cards falling into each of the following lines. When the reply is given to the second interrogation, the card thought of can be instantly picked out, because the line now given only contains one that was in the original line; consequently, the card that is now in it, and which also formed part of the original line, must be the one chosen. After a little practice, half-a-dozen people may each choose a card at the same time, and you will be perfectly able to reveal all.

Observe—that (after the cards have been arranged the second time) when the *line* containing the chosen card is on the *right* of the key card, the chosen card will be in the *row above* the key card. But when the chosen card is to the *left* of the key card it will be found in the same row.

TO MAKE ANOTHER PERSON DRAW THE CARDS YOU DESIRE.

TAKE the cards, shuffle them, and spread them out, face downwards, upon the table, without entirely separating them. Before doing this, however, you must carefully note the bottom card.

You now say to the person to whom you wish to display your skill: "I will now ask you to give me certain cards, which I will name to you beforehand. The cards which I ask for, you must give me from this heap, the faces of which neither you nor I have seen, and yet in the end I shall have all the cards that I direct you to give me."

The person you address will, of course, be very much aston-

ished at this, and will refuse to believe you. You assume a confident air, however, saying: "Look sharp!"

You then call for the card which you know is the undermost one, say the seven of hearts. Suppose, now, the person gives you the queen of spades, you boldly call out for your next card: "Queen of spades!" the other not knowing that you have it already in your hand. He gives you, perhaps, the king of hearts, and you at once ask for this as your next card. He now gives you the ace of clubs. In this way you can ask for any number of cards, but these are enough for explanation. Now you say: "The last card that I want is the ace of clubs, but this I will find out for myself, by means of my very nice sense of smell."

Hereupon, with a grave face, you commence shuffling around among the cards, until you reach the bottom one, which is the seven of hearts. This you take from the table, place it first in order among the cards in your hand, and you are now able to display all the cards that you have directed him to give you.



Dramas for Home Amusement.

AMONG the best ways of amusing an evening party is by social dramas, requiring little or no scenery, and scarcely any expenditure in the way of stage setting or costumes.

Any room may be turned into a family theater, by simply placing a curtain across it arranged to run on a wire, this serving as a dividing line between the stage and the audience.

As to instructions in regard to make up and expression of passions, we believe in leaving the amateur actor to his own resources, as all have more or less ideas in regard to the matter.

If, however, any of the readers choose to pursue the matter further, they will find complete instructions in "On the Stage; or, How to Become an Actor," published by us at the small price of fifteen cents.

With this brief preface we place before our readers a few carefully selected dramas, dialogues and stump speeches for home delineation.

MAD WITH A METHOD.

A FARCICAL SKETCH FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM AND VARIETY STAGE.

CHARACTERS.

LUCY LAWTON—*opera mad.* GEORGE MELVILLE—*artist mad.*
SERVANT—*invisibly mad.*

SCENE—*Drawing-room—pretty furniture. Table and Chair R., same L.*

(*Lucy speaks without, C.*)

Lucy. I won't, ma; I declare it's just too mean. There!
[*Enter Lucy, C. D., elegantly dressed.*] I do think that of all horrid creatures an artist is the very worst. Bah! I know he's after the money poor, dear papa left me; and just because his late father was an old sweetheart of mama's, she's made up her mind that I shall marry him, and I've made up mine not to do anything of the sort. Just imagine my marrying a man I have never seen. I don't want to wed; and, least of all,

George Melville. I mean to die an old maid if I can't be an opera singer. I can almost fancy I am one now. [*Rushes frantically into an operatic scene—burlesquing the acting and singing at the top of her voice.*] It's just too mean for a girl with all my talent to be hidden away in private life, and least of all, with a poor painter. I wish I knew some way to disgust him. [*Thinking.*] I have the very plan at my fingers' ends. [*Quickly.*] I'll frighten the brute so he'll never come here again.

Servant. (Without.) Mr. George Melville!

Lucy. (In a flutter.) Oh, dear! I declare he's here, and ma's gone out. What shall I do? My first plan!—there's no one to tell him any different. I'll be raving, distracted mad. I'll be a lunatic—that's what I will!

[*Exit Lucy hastily, L. 1 E. Enter very slowly and deliberately George Melville, C.D. He has a satchel in his hand, and a dressing gown thrown over his arm.*]

George. (Coming down C.) Halloo! no one here to receive me. Nice company! [*Bowing to the furniture, with mock gravity.*] Good evening, Miss Chair; you are looking better than ever I saw you before. Madame Table, you are coming along nicely. Dreadful accident over at our house—your sister had her leg amputated. [*Laughs.*] Egad! this is a jolly way to treat a fellow, I think. Wonder where the young lady is? [*Makes a grimace.*] Pah! hope she won't show up at all; I'd feel a great deal better towards her. My mother has got it into her head that I must marry Miss Lucy Lawton; whereupon her dutiful son gets it into his head that he will do nothing of the sort. Of course to declare this openly would bring down a storm of wrath; so I've settled upon another plan: I'll make believe I'm tearing mad—a lunatic! then, of course she'll refuse to marry me, and I shall go to Rome and complete my studies, for an artist I am bound to be! I've brought my duds along with me, and now to lay the corner stone to my triumph.

[*Brings in an easel and a painting from C.D. Takes paint box from satchel, and lays them upon table, R. Throws off coat and hat, puts on dressing gown, draws up chair to the easel, R., and begins to paint.*]

George. Now I am happy.

[*Enter Lucy E. 1 L., dressed all in white, bearing a guitar. Very romantic air—a la prima donna Italian opera.*]

Lucy. L. I'll be even with the wretch; he'll find no honey in this beehive, but a raving, mad woman. [*Sees him.*] There he is. [*Starts.*] Ah, I feel so frightened! Oh—oh!

[*George turns and sees her start.*]

George. Phew! there she is. Oh, law! now for it.

[*Begins painting furiously, making passes in the air with the brush, but occasionally looking quickly over his shoulder at Lucy, who sings softly and does the same business. As their eyes meet, both start and turn away their heads. This little piece of business can be made very telling in competent hands, but should not be kept up too long to tire the audience of it.*]

Lucy. (Aside.) I wonder what's the matter with him?

George. (*Aside.*) I'd like to know what ails her.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) He acts very strangely.

George. (*Aside.*) Don't she caper queerly? Now for it.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Now I'm going to rave.

[George rises from his chair pretending madness; makes a pass as painting a phantom picture in the air, and backing looking at Lucy, to the center of the stage, while she does the same, playing the guitar, singing and acting wildly.]

George. Hush-sh-h! No—no—no! Armand, do not give it to the world, let it die—die—die! [*Aside.*] How is that for high? [*Aloud again.*] It is my secret—mine! Down—down to blazes, and say I sent thee there; down—down—down! ha—ha—ha!

[*Strikes his back against Lucy's.*] Ouch, the devil!

Lucy. Jiminy, he's crazy!

George. (*Turning quickly.*) Crazy—ay, that's the word. Crazy! Mad!—ha—ha—ha! [*Aside.*] Jingo! she believes I am mad. You shall know all—all.

[*Approaching her wildly, she suddenly lays down the guitar, starts, and makes passes in the air.*]

Lucy. No—no—no—Cora, I will not give him up; I love him, he is mine—mine! Ha—ha—ha—mine! Off, wretch, off—off—ha—ha—ha!

[*Drops into chair L. George, horrified, falls into chair R. This action can be so well acted as to be irresistibly funny, but needs careful practice and study.*]

George. Jumping bullfrogs—she is mad! Oh, this is no joke. Here I am, playing mad to a crazy woman. [*Begins painting, furiously.*] I wish I was out of this!

Lucy. Oh, my! here I am, pretending I am crazy to a real, live lunatic. I'll have to keep it up. I've heard that lunatics sympathize with one another; but I wish I could get out.

George. I suppose I had better keep up the madness, then she won't harm me, and it may pacify her a little. [*Peeping at her.*] I never saw such staring eyes. How strange madness affects some people. Mother told me she was good-looking.

Lucy. Isn't it terrible? I never would have believed that lunacy could make a man so wretchedly ugly. Why, ma actually said that he was handsome. His mouth looks like a clam-shell.

George. Phew! stag the windmill ears! She's a blooming beauty to be called pretty. Wonder if she scratches?

Lucy. I'd like to know if he bites. What shall I do? I must humor him or he'll rave.

George. If I don't have another fit, she won't think me crazy.

[*Takes a mouthful of water, but does not swallow it. He prances around the stage, making wild antics, and then pauses C., with his left arm out straight towards Lucy and the right pointing towards the audience.*]

Lucy. (*Horrified.*) Laws sake! the man actually believes he's a pump! Oh, dear! I must humor him.

[*Goes to L. E.; gets a pail; crosses to George, C.; hangs it upon his right arm, seizes the left as the handle of a pump,*

and begins working it up and down. George glances horrified, first at the audience then at Lucy, and squirts the water from his mouth into the pail. She screams lightly, takes it away, and puts it L. E.

George. This is the worst case I ever heard of. The woman thinks me a pump! Terrible; and, after all, she is pretty.

Lucy. Oh! this is fearful! Poor fellow! he is so handsome, too. Oh, dear—oh, dear! I feel as if I should like to scream!

[Gives a suppressed scream. George starts and turns to her. She begins humming and playing an imaginary piano.

George. Eh? the woman really believes she's a musical instrument. If I don't humor her she may tear me to pieces.

[Takes a paint brush, crosses cautiously to Lucy, and sticks one end in her ear and blows furiously upon the other, working his fingers as upon a fife.]

Lucy. He thinks I'm a musical instrument!

[Imitates a bagpipe playing a Scotch air, and glances over her shoulder in fright at him. He shivers and gets into all sorts of ludicrous positions while blowing.

George. This is terrible. Oh, if she were not mad, I'd marry her at once.

Lucy. Poor fellow! if you were only sane, I know I should love you.

George. (Hearing her). Sane!

[She screams and runs to chair, L.

Lucy. Oh, dear!

George. Sane! Why— [Looks at her steadily.

Lucy. Yes. [Repeats the action.

George. She's not mad. Madame, you have been acting! You are—

Lucy. Not mad! [Drops into chair, L.

George. By Jingo? [Repeats the business into chair, R.

Thank Heaven, it has only been a ruse, [rises and comes to C., extends arms] and if you can forgive it, Lucy—

[She runs into his embrace.] I think, now, that neither you, myself nor my kind friends in front will be sorry that we both went mad—

[Lucy. (Holding up her finger and smiling.) With a method.

CURTAIN.



POLITICS.

A RATTLING IRISH FARCE.

CHARACTERS.

PATRICK GRADY.

DENIS HALORAHAN.

BRIDGET GRADY.

SCENE.—*Ordinary room. Tables and chairs, L. Washtub, C. by door. Cradle, R, and churn. Curtain rises. Discloses Bridget at table.*

Bridget. Shure, an' it's the terrible loife I'm lading. There's me husband, Patrick Grady, always off av a night to Casey's getting blind drunk, an' rowlin' an' cavortin' home in the morning, swearing that he's in wid the gang, an' that they're goin' for to run him for alderman. A foine alderman it is that he will make, with his shirt papin' out av his coat, an' divil a sock to his fut. Faith, I belave he's goin' ter the bad intirely. He's gettin' so mighty high-choned av late, that he'll soon be a ridin' down town in a stage, instead av standing on the rear end av a truck. Oh, bad cess to the day that iver I married him.

Enter Denis.

Denis. Well, Bridget?

Brid. It isn't well at all, brother Denis.

Den. Where's Patrick?

Brid. Ax me something aisier. Down to Casey's, I suppose, setting on top av a beer keg, an' swarin' that he's the man that's going to put Hayes out av the White House.

Den. On a drunk again?

Brid. Whin isn't he on a drunk? Shure, I'd be afther fearin' that he was ill if he should come home sober.

Den. It's a bad business, Bridget.

Brid. Ye are right. Ye see he's got his head crammed wid politics.

Den. Politics, is it?

Brid. Yis; he went an' pawned the stove to raise a banner wid. Shure he thinks that he'll be a Congressman afore long, an' ruin the prospects ov his childer intirely.

Den. Will he be home soon?

Brid. I'm expecting him every moment. Oh, Denny, I wish ye wud rayson wid him.

Den. So I will, Bridget. His conduct, be Heaven, is scandalous in the extreme!

Brid. But don't be too hard wid him. Patrick manes well.

Den. I'll thrate him dacent. [*Aside.*] I'll kick the devil's left lung out av him if he gives me any av his unpolite conversation.

Noise outside. Enter Patrick, staggering. Throws hat on floor, and reels front.

Pat. May I inquire, Missus Grady, who's been putting grease on the front piazzy?

Brid. Nobody, Patrick.

Pat. (*Severely.*) Don't ye lie to me, Missus Grady. I may be suffering undher a fit av despair, but I am not drunk, and I have me feelings. Shure, an' I fell completely down on that front piassy.

Brid. Ye don't know what ye are saying, Patrick.

Pat. (*Looking at Denis.*) How long since you have been buying cigar signs to stick up in your drawing-room, Missus Grady?

Brid. Why, that's my brother Denis.

Pat. (*Advancing.*) Faith, an' it is! Denny, me boy, give me your flipper. Have ye a Henry Mud consaled wid you?

Den. I don't smoke.

Pat. Yer don't? Yer a Murphyite, are ye? An' may I ax what sent ye here?

Brid. He heard what a drunken husband his sister had, and he came down to see about it.

Pat. Ah—ha! he did? Well, it's my opinion, Missus Grady, that he's as drunk as an owl himself, and isn't agreeable company for gintlemin like meself.

Den. I never drink, and it would be better, Patrick, if you never touched the whiskey.

Pat. Nayther I do. It's a nob that I am. A gallon bottle of damshame, an' put it down on the slate.

Den. Well, I mane it would be a dale better if ye let alcoholic stimulants alone.

Pat. Alcoholic stimulants, is it? Missus Grady, are ye aware that yer brother spakes Frinch? It is the great temperance man that he is who preaches for love an' not money.

Den. But, Patrick, think of the shame it causes your wife to walk home intoxicated every night av your life.

Pat. I niver walk home. Bedad, Assemblyman Murphy pushed me around to me residence this avening in his barouche—he peddles oranges out av it in the day-time. Ah, the Assemblyman's a great man. He's got a pull in the ward, and he's going to get me a political job a kaping the sparrows from flying away wid the City Hall.

Den. But your wife and children are a-starving in the mane-while.

Brid. That's so, Patrick.

Pat. Will yer shut up, Bridget? Yer want ice-crame and sponge cake for lunch, I suppose. The next thing yer'll be sinding out after broiled quail in a box afther yer get to bed. It's too toney you're getting, intirely.

Den. Is that the way to spake to your wife?

Pat. Who's wife is she?

Den. Yours, worse luck; but she's my sister.

Pat. Shure, it wasn't her fault, poor thing. Perhaps yer would be plased to have me buy her a pianny, and get her a velocipede to amuse herself wid while I'm at work.

Den. You're drunk, Patrick, and yer can't see me argy-ment.

Brid. That's thrue.

Pat. Will ye be still, Bridget. I'm drunk, am I, Mister Hal-lorahan? Av coorse I am; it's elated wid joy, that I am, be-cause of the war in Europe. It's agoin' to mend the times in this country, an' we'll all git paid for being gentlemen, every man av us. Oh, I have the head for a senator.

Brid. You're looney, Pat.

Pat. Missus Grady, if ye don't shut up I'll be forced to be on the lookout fur another wife on account av yer suddent death.

Brid. Patrick, your cruel words will drive me wild with grief.

Pat. Thin we'll send ye to play Hamlet along wid the Count Joannes.

Den. Talk gently to your wife, Pat; she's a woman.

Pat. Yer don't mane it! Well, did yer imagine I didn't know that? I have frequent opportunities av seeing women afore. There's Widow Leary, for occasion.

Brid. Widdy Leary; she's a fine crathur! A female skele-ton that paints herself up like a brick house, an' hasn't the shape av a barrel.

Pat. The Widow Leary recognizes a fine man when she sees him. She tould Father Riordan that I had the natest fut av any man for blocks around.

Brid. She did, did she?

Pat. I'm a giving it to ye wid directness, Bridget.

Brid. Whin I catch her I'll kill her. Thrying to intice me lawful wedded husband away, the cork-legged ould scare-crow.

Pat. That will do. Ye ought to be elated to think that ye have such a voluptuous-appearing husband, and ought to be continted to humor him, especially whin he's got sich influence wid the b'ys. Do ye know the 'Garvey Musketeers,' Denis?

Den. Yis.

Pat. Shure they've axed me to turn out wid them to carry their target instead of a nagur. Perhaps yer would condescind to ax me for a place in the post office now?

Brid. Are ye goin' to turn out wid those blaggards?

Pat. Don't yer be after alluding to the Garvey Musketeers as blaggards, Missus Grady. They are gintlemen; divil a wan av them works for a living.

Brid. They're not off av the Island long enough.

Pat. Perhaps they are not choney enough for yer.

Brid. They're a lot of rowdies, Pat. Why don't you join the Father Matthy's?

Pat. Would ye hear the woman? she's putting on frills enough for an inspector's wife. Wouldn't yer like me to buy meself a little white apron an' turn out wid the masons?

Den. Pat, can't you listen to rayson?

Pat. Av coorse.

Den. Is it sensible or raysonable for you to be flying around wid the boys and laving your poor wife at home? Suppose some man should run off wid her.

Pat. Begorra, I'd jump on his chest till he spit blood, so I would.

Den. Now promise me you'll stay at home more nights.

Brid. Yes, Pat, do, and jine the T. A. B's.

Pat. Shure, Casey would drape his saloon in black if I did.

Brid. The curse of St. Patrick light on Casey. [*She rises and approaches Pat, tickles him under the chin.*] Then, Patsey, darlint, sign the pledge.

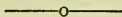
Pat. But it will spoil me hould in the ward. Who ever heard av a temperance politician.

Den. Drop politics' an' stick to bricklaying, Pat.

Pat. Well, I believe I will. From this hour, Patrick Grady, Iskwire, drinks no more! [*Aside—at his own expense.*] Bridget, shoulder that broom an' we'll give the leddies an' jintlemen in front, "Sons of Temperance," T. A. B., and ye, Denis, jine in the chorus.

[*All form group at front of stage, and sing Harrigan and Hart's T. A. B. song, which can be obtained at any large music store. At end of song flat closes in.*

[CURTAIN.]



MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

A MUSICAL BURLETTA FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM AND PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. ALGERNON ROSS.

MRS. ALGERNON ROSS.

SCENE.—*An ordinary apartment. At rising of curtain Mr. R. discovered seated at table. Rises and looks at watch.*

Mr. R. Seven o'clock and my wife not home yet! This is nice; this is lovely; this is one of the joys of married life. I tell you what, it braces up a man to come home after a hard day's work and find nothing for supper. If he's hungry, why, he can chew on the furniture or eat a coal scuttle or two. [*Listens.*] Ah—ha, there is my wife now—won't I give her a setting out!

Enter Mrs. R. L. 1 E.

Mrs. R. Home already, Algy?

Mr. R. Home already? Well, what time do you desire me to come home; at midnight or five o'clock in the morning?

Mrs. R. Why, you're in a bad humor.

Mr. R. I think that I have enough to put me in a bad humor. Where have you been!

Mrs. R. Oh, I've been:

[*Sings:*

'Walking down Broadway—walking down Broadway,
The O. K. thing on a Saturday,
Is walking down Broadway.'

Mr. R. You have, eh? Who was with you, may I ask?

Mrs. R. There was:

‘Captain John McCarthy and Sergeant Donohue,
They are the boys who make the noise
In the Regular Army, oh!’

Mr. R. Nice company. I suppose that their conversation was very interesting?

Mrs. R. Oh, very.

Mr. R. What did they say?

Mrs. R. They said:

‘Ta—ta, my baby dear,
I’ll meet you in the park
When the weather is clear,
I’ll strike you with a feather,
I’ll buy for you some moss,
The pet of all the mashers
Is pretty Mrs. Ross.’

Mr. R. That is nice language to address to a married woman.

Mrs. R. Why, Algy?

Mr. R. I should think that you would understand why?

Mrs. R. Now don’t get mad:

‘They all do it! they all do it!
Though sometimes they rue it; yet they all do it!
They all do it! they all do it!
And will keep on doing it to the end of the world!’

Mr. R. They do, eh? Well, just allow me to remark:

‘Young lady, you’re too fresh,
Young lady, you’re too fresh,
It strikes me very forcibly—
Young lady, you’re too fresh.’

Mrs. R. That’s nice language to your own little wife.

Mr. R. Well, you’ve brought it on yourself.

Mrs. R. Before we got married you never used to treat me so. Then you would walk eight miles in a hail storm to buy me a spool of silk.

Mr. R. I was a confounded fool then!

Mrs. R. I know you used to be. Don’t you remember when we went to Rockaway that moonlight night? What did you say then?

‘Wait till the moonlight falls on the water,
Then take your sweetheart out for a walk,
Mind what you say, boys, that’s how to court her,
Promise that you’ll marry her when the days grow short.’

Mrs. R. Then you asked me for a kiss, and I blushed and bit my shawl, and said: Now, Algy, don’t you,

'For the man in the moon is looking, love,
He is winking, love—he is blinking, love;
And each little star can tell where we are,
For the man in the moon is looking!'

Mr. R. And I replied:

'There is no harm in kissing,
By moonlight on the beach;
Those rosy lips were made to sip
When no one's near to peach.'

Mrs. R. (*Sighing.*) Those good old times will never come again. Don't you remember, Algy, when you used to call me:

'Mollie, dearest, sweetest, fairest!
Look up, love, and tell me this,
If you love me, Mollie Darling,
Let your answer be a kiss!'

Mr. R. I must have been a raving lunatic.

Mrs. R. No, you wasn't. You was a real nice, good boy. You wasn't so cross as you are now.

Mr. R. I wasn't married then. I was free from care and trouble, and I could come into the house, upset the stove, kick over a chair and raise as much racket as I wanted to, without hearing half a dozen voices exclaim:

'Don't make a noise
Or else you'll wake the baby
Don't make a noise
Or you'll disturb the child.'

Ah! those were the jolly days.

Mrs. R. Then you're sorry that you've married me, Algy? Think how many I rejected for you. Why, I might have had:

'Sid Bum, the whiskey brewer,
Dionysius Carrahull,
They made love to me so sweetly,
Sunday night when the parlor's full.'

Mr. R. I wish to the Lord you had taken them.

Mrs. R. I don't. You know, Algy, that I love none but you:

'Oh, Algy, sweet Algy,
I hope you'll never die,
I hope you'll live forever,
The apple of my eye!'

Mr. R. Mrs. Ross, what are you giving me? It looks as if you loved me, doesn't it, to go gadding around the street until seven o'clock at night and no supper ready.

Mrs. R. Well, you see, Algy, I got talking with Mrs. Brown, and she asked me what your business was. I told her that you did:

‘ Something in the city,
 Something in the city,
 They don’t know quite—they think they’re right,
 Something in the city.’

Mr. R. I’m glad you gave her such a definite answer. She’s an old meddlesome fool, anyhow. By the way, I nearly married her daughter.

Mrs. R. You did?

Mr. R. Only one thing prevented it. She ran off with a soap-fat man.

‘ She was as pretty as the flower I named her after,
 And the mem’ry of her beauty haunts me yet!
 There was a band of opera music in her laughter,
 And I christened her my darling mignonette.’

Mrs. R. But you loved me better, didn’t you, Algy?

Mr. R. Well, yes.

Mrs. R. And you always used to tell me nights, when I’d say that I was tired, you’d reply:

‘ Come sit by my side, little darling,
 And lay your fond head on my breast,
 While the angels of twilight around us
 Are singing the flow’rets to rest.’

Mr. R. Then you’d whisper:

‘ Mother says I musn’t;
 Mother says I musn’t;
 Oh, George, oh, George,
 Not just yet a while.’

[Repeat.]

Well, after all, Mollie, you’re a nice little wife, and I won’t scold you, if you promise not to stay out so late again.

Mrs. R. I will, Algy.

Mr. R. Then we’ll go right off and get something to eat. But our kind friends in front?

Mrs. R. Oh, we’ll meet them

[Duet.]

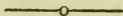
“ In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore, by-and-by,
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.”

[CURTAIN.]

COSTUMES.

Mr. R. Ordinary evening dress.

Mrs. R. Street costume.



PRACTICE VS. PREACHING.

A LIVELY ETHIOPIAN INTERLUDE.

CHARACTERS.

BAD BARTHOLOMEW BUCKTOOTH.	IKE.
POMP.	JAKE.
BILL.	JIM.
JULIUS.	

MRS. BARTHOLOMEW BUCKTOOTH.

SCENE.—*Interior of store. Counter R. Barrels, boxes, etc., set R. and L. At rising of curtain, all the male characters except Bartholomew discovered seated on counter, barrels and boxes. Pomp gets off counter and yawns.*

Pomp. Well, dis yere am dull. Rain outside, derefore no trade inside, an' no fun anywhar.

Bill. Can't we make a little fun?

All. How?

Bill. Got youse banjo wid youse, Pomp?

Pomp. Right under de counter, Bill.

Bill. Den gib us a little hymn—some nigger psalm or 'nuder.

Pomp. Pshaw, chile, I can't play good nuff.

Bill. Oh, yes, youse kin. Git de African piano an' start de melody.

Pomp. Well, den I s'pose dat I done hab fo' to do it. But when youse gits puzzled, gemmen, jess gib me de signal.

Bill. Oh, dat's all right. [*Goes behind counter and gets banjo.*] Heah's de instrument, Pomp, make her talk.

Pomp. Youse'll all jine in de chorus, gemmen?

All. Of course.

Pomp. Den we'll get de steam up; off wid de brakes and heah we go. [*Plays prelude on banjo, and then sings:*

ROBINSON CORKSCREW.

When I was a small nig
 I was not very big,
 I lived in de state of Carlina;
 In love dar I fell
 Wid a sweet yaller gal,
 And her name it was Blubber-heel Dinah.

Chorus.

Oh, poor Robinson Corkscrew,
 Oh, poor Robinson Corkscrew,
 We'll jump up and wake, and we'll keep up the shake,
 And we'll sing about Robinson Corkscrew.

Oh, de money's so scarce,
 And de times dey is worse,
 And de streets of New York am so dusty;

My cash am all spent,
And I ain't got a cent,
But de nigger feels awfully thirsty.

Oh, poor, etc.

Den der's Johnny Bull,
He of fighting am full;
But Johnny am not to be trusted;
If he comes over here,
Uncle Samuel to skeer,
By golly he'll get his head busted.

Oh, poor, etc.

Bart. (Outside.) You leabe me, woman—you leabe me! Jess youse go youse own way—go right back home, or I'll walk up your back, and dance on your neck till you froth at de mouf. You heah dat?

Ike. What's dat?

Bart. Take care, wench, I hab a razor. You keep your peace, or I'll gash your thigh—yes, I will, I'll gash your thigh!

Pomp. It's a crazy man.

Jul. Let's go out and see.

[All make a move for the door, C. As they do so, door opens, and Bart. appears.]

Bart. Ebening, gemmen.

Pomp. Good-ebening, sah.

Bart. Be a clear night if it wasn't rainin'. 'Scuse me, gemmen; did youse heah any one whispering outside?

Ike. Dere was some bad nigger out dere talkin' cuss words.

Bart. Dat was me.

Ike. You?

Bart. Yes; you see I is a married man, and once in de while when my wife follers me, I hab to gib her a little love poetry. 'Spect some ob youse married?

Jul. Most ob us can confess to de soft impeachment.

Bart. Ah, h'm—now I don't want to be pussonal.

Pomp. (Aside.) What ails that nigger—hab he de choleric Bonfanti? what can he be dribing at, anyhow? [Aloud.] Certainly not.

Bart. Nor do I want to articulate anything dat will cause a genman to feel down inter his shoe fo' his shot-gun.

All. Oh, no!

Bart. Den I want to ax you one question. Sometimes your wife will deject to youse staying out ob nights—sorter ob kicks. Wants to remobe de freckles off ob your face wid de red hot stove; put youse to bed wid most ob de crockery, an' otherwise make you tink what a treasure man had in a loving wife. Ain't dat so?

Bill. (Ruefully.) Dat's sort ob my experience.

Bart. Den sometimes, gemmen, doan't your wives get de upper dog of you. Leabs you stayin' in de house in a pair of busted pants an' a chest protector, while she sweeps up de avenue in a bran new pair ob sealskin socks an' a monogram bustle!

Pomp. Dat's sort ob true, too.

Bart. Ob course it is, but it hadn't ought to be. Man is de gay buffalo rooster dat ought to rule dis univarse, not woman. When your wife begins to get camels on her back, when her dandruff arises, don't hit her—nebbber hit a woman—jess kick her under de chin an' sit the pianner on her. You heah dat, gemmen?

All. Yes.

Bart. Den 'member it, an' put it in practice. I had de time ob it with my wife.

Pomp. Did she hab a temper?

Bart. Temper; I should murmur to blush. You see she was an only chile.

Pomp. Yes.

Bart. Her old man was rich, used ter pass de plate in church, an' she had all de modern improvements. If she cried for de moon dey'd tell her to wait till dey sent a man up with an elevator to get it.

Pomp. I understand.

Bart. But in an evil moment I married her. I was poor but not honest, an' we got splced. But she had a temper.

Pomp. She did?

Bart. De fust night she persisted that we put de light out in our room, but I tole her "no." I had allus been used to reposing wid a light, an' I was gwine to hab a light or death. So we grappled.

Pomp. What!

Bart. 'Tis true, Cassius. But I treated her kindly. I recumlected dat my father was a woman, an' I only hit her in de face. Bime-by she gib up, after I had knocked her down wid de bureau, an' put de refrigerator on her lubbly brow. "Kin I have a light, lub?" asked I.

Pomp. What did she say?

Bart. "Ducky," said she, "you—you can illuminate de house, an' hab a bon-fire in de back-yard if youse wish."

Pomp. Dat was a triumph.

Bart. You kin bet. Now, when I come home nights, full ob fight-water, an' wipe my feet on de door-bell, an' ring de mat, what do you suppose dat she does?

Jake. Leans out ob de fourth story windows, and cools youse heated brow wif hot water.

Julius. Frows de parlor organ down at you.

Bill. Gits down in de airy, and dusts yer clothes with the ash-barrel.

Bart. No, sah; she dumps me in de dumb waiter, pulls me up herself to de top story, and tucks me away in de bed widout even saying a word.

Ike. (*Sighing.*) Dat must be hebben.

Bart. Well, youse can all do it. Now, s'pose'n dat my wife should dare to come into dese festive halls. Do youse know what I'd do?

Bill. What?

Bart. I'd jess rise up and say: 'Woman, flee!'

Ike. Suppose dat she obsistently refused to flee!

Bart. Den I'd take her by de bustle and bounce her. Oh, I'm a hard-hearted husband, I am; a little nigger Bluebeard on wheels. I'd like to see any woman boss me; I'd dig her wind-pipe out, and use it for a putty blower; I'd—

Voice Outside. Bartholomew Bucktooth!

Bart. Dere's somebody fo' me.

Voice. Bartholomew Bucktooth, if you don't come out heah right away I'll break your dog-goned back!

Pomp. Dat's a woman's voice.

Bart. It's—it's my wife.

Jul. Why doan't youse go out an' kill her?

Bart. (Trembling.) She's—she's weak. Got corns on her lungs; I can't hit her.

Voice. If you ain't heah, you bald-headed old liar, in one minute, I'll come in an' tie my shoes on your eyebrow.

Bart. Yes, my angel, I's coming. Oh, if dat wench was only well, I'd go right out an' pat her with a lamp-post till you could fold her up in a band-box.

[*Door opens, and Mrs. Bartholomew appears. Rushes across stage and catches Bartholomew by the throat, and hits him with umbrella.*

Mrs. B. Oh, you miserable liar, coming 'round heah half drunk, an' gibbing folks taffy 'bout bossing women. I'll show youse who is de boss ob dis family.

[*Gets him down on floor, pounds him with umbrella. Other characters all posture around, and flats close on tableau.*

[CURTAIN.]

DE MUSS IN EUROPE.

AN ORIGINAL STUMP SPEECH.

BELUBBED BRUDDEN: I come before you dis ebbing becos it is de only place I could come widout de sheriff callin' on me. My friends, I am glad dat I lib in dis free and glorious *E Pluribus Unum*, beneaf de star-spangled pull-back ob de Goddess ob Liberty. I am an American, a *sun-burnt* American, an' I lub my country a good deal better dan my country lubs me; or why dis shrunk-up swaller-tail, dese Dolly Varden pants, dis noble hat, which looks like a bandbox struck by a masked battery. My hearers, when I visited de Plymouth Rock, an' saw where de Pilgrims planted dere gravel mashers, I wept. To tink dat dose good old fellers nebbber libbed to see de Centennial, low necked shoes, striped stockin's, de Whiskey Ring, Bill Tweed, cardinal-red petticoats, bell-punches, an' all de oder glorious products ob our civilized equality ob liberty.

Liberty, belubbed listeners, is a great ting to hab. When a man sits in de lonely prison cell, a frowin' his shoes at de ramblin' bed bugs, an' hears de sentry outside a whistling: "Oh, Charleston Gals, can you come out to-night?" he feels like cut-

tin' his throat wif de water-pitcher. I have been dere myself, an' I kin sympathize wid you, bruddern.

De fault, ladies an' gemmen, ob dis here age is extravagance. Most ob us are endeavorin' ter lead ten dollar lives on seben dollars. An' what is de result. De result is dat we am a bust-ed nation, an' de Bird of Freedom is reluctantly compelled to pawn his tail feathers to buy fresh fish wif.

Derefore we must reform. Let dose who hab smoked ten cent cigars, smoke five! let dose who hab smoked five, smoke three, an' dose who hab smoked three, let dem suck onter lead pencils.

But, deah fellow-creatures, what hab all dis to do wid de war in Europe? Nuffin, friends, nuffin. Derefore I will continue. I know all about Europe myself. Last night I was in Greece. Dat is to say, I slept in a soap factory.

I know dat all ob you depreciate dis disco'se. Folks generally do. De other night I spoke it in Paterson, New Arkansas, an' dere wazn't a dry eye in de house. Dere wuzn't a wet one either. Everybody went outside an' left me alone. But dey waited for me. De manager tole me arterwards dat if I hadn't a-gone home ober de fences, dere would hab been anudder Bulgarian massacre.

De sight ob so many young couples here reminds me pawfully ob de time when I was engaged. Oh, she wuz a stunner! but she went back on me. Said dat my head looked like Mount Jimsuvius in corruption, an' dat I had freckles on my feet. I tole her dat I didn't care, her gran'mother was no gentleman, anyhow. Den she got mad, picked up an ax, an' sed we must part. I *parted* just where she hit me with the ax. De doctor used four spools of thread a-sewing me togedder, an' sed dat he guessed he had got me on a big string!

I see, though, friends, dat you am aweary. Those of you who am not 'sleep, am snoring. Derefore, I will conclude. De muss in Europe is a great ting, an' I hope dat youse all tink likewise. Good-night, ladies an' gemmen, an' dose two young fellers dat I tole to frow de bouquets dat I gib dem at me, will please frow dem now. *Au revoir.*



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